

The Squire turn'd Ferret. An excellent new BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Hey Boys! up go we; Chevey Chase, or what you please.*



I.
OST true it is, I dare to say,
E'er since the Days of Eve,
The weakest Woman sometimes may
The wisest Man deceive.

II.
For D——nt, circumspect, sedate,
A *Machiavel* by Trade,
Arriv'd express, with News of Weight,
And thus at Court he said:

III.
At *Godliman*, hard by the *Bull*,
A Woman, long thought barren,
Bears *Rabbits*, — Gad! so plentiful,
You'd take her for a *Warren*.

IV.
These Eyes, quoth he, beheld them clear:
What! do ye doubt my View?
Behold this Narrative that's here;
Why, Zounds! and Blood! 'tis true.

V.
Some said that D——gl——s sent should be,
Some talk'd of W——lk——r's Merit,
But most held, in this Midwifery,
No Doctor like a *FERRET*.

VI.
But M——l——n——x, who heard this told,
(Right wary he and wise)
Cry'd sagely, 'Tis not safe, I hold,
To trust to D——nt's Eyes.

VII.
A Vow to God He then did make
He would himself go down,
St. A——nd——re too, the Scale to take
Of that *Phænomenon*.

VIII.
He order'd then his Coach and Four;
(The Coach was quickly got 'em)
Resolv'd this *Secret* to explore,
And search it to the *Bottom*.

IX.
At *Godliman* they now arrive;
(For Haste they made exceeding)
As *Courtiers* should, whene'er they strive
To be inform'd of *Breeding*.

X.
The good Wife to the Surgeon sent,
And said to him, Good Neighbour,
'Tis pity that two 'Squires so Gent——
Should come and lose their Labour.

XI.
The Surgeon with a *Rabbit* came;
But first in Pieces cut it it,
Then slyly thrust it up *that same*,
As far as Man could put it.

XII.
(Ye *Guildford* Inn-keepers take heed
You dress not such a *Rabbit*,
Ye Poultr'ers eke, destroy the Breed,
'Tis so unsav'ry a-Bit.)

XIII.
But hold! says *Molly*, first let's try,
Now that her Legs are ope,
If ought within we may descry
By Help of Telescope.

XIV.
The Instrument himself did make,
He rais'd and level'd right,
But all about was so opake,
It could not aid his Sight.

XV.
On Tiptoe then the 'Squire he stood,
(But first he gave Her Money)
Then reach'd as high as e'er He cou'd,
And cry'd, I feel a *CONY*.

XVI.
Is it alive? St. A——nd——re cry'd:
It is; I feel it stir.
Is it full grown? The 'Squire reply'd
It is; see here's the *FUR*.

XVII.
And now two Legs St. A——nd——re got,
And then came two Legs more;
Now fell the Head to *Molly's* Lot,
And so the Work was o'er.

XVIII.
The Woman, thus being brought to Bed,
Said, to reward your Pains,
St. A——nd——re shall dissect the Head,
And thou shalt have the Brains.

XIX.
He lap'd it in a Linen Rag,
Then thank'd her for her Kindness,
And cram'd it in the Velvet Bag
That serves his R—— H——

XX.
That Bag — which *Jenny*, wanton Slut,
First brought to foul Disgrace;
Stealing the Papers thence, she put
Veal-Curlers in their Place.

XXI.
O! happy would it be, I ween,
Could they these *Rabbits* smother;
Molly had ne'er a Midwife been,
Nor she a shameful Mother.

XXII.
Why has the Proverb falsely said,
Better two Heads than one?
Could *Molly* hide this *Rabbit's* Head,
He still might shew his own.